

The metal man walked in paces in front of the buyer, locking his eyes onto him without breaking. "So, nice cyberware dude." The compliment was acknowledged coldly by the guard, who in response, skeptically narrowed his hard eyes to laser beams, tightening his lock like a vice. The awkward silence that followed was soon punctuated by the opening of the door that stood behind the guard.

"Louis grainger?"

The man who had entered the room did so with an undeniable arrogance that screamed: 'I am the boss.'